

YES—IT'S THAT PUP AGAIN!

A dog's life!

WE told you that what Tony and Goggles did "off the record" was nobody's business.

Here our prying photographer gets some inside "gen" into what occurs after night-fall—when all the house is quiet, except for a small whimper outside a small lad's bedroom door.

Of course, the evidence doesn't come to light until the next morning, but when it does—and the sneaking, low-down lens of the camera collects that evidence—well, judge for yourself.

Yes—it is now established beyond all shadow of doubt that the pup doesn't sleep where he is put; and that Tony is not only fully aware of the fact, but aids and abets.

A Question left in Doubt

A mystery which remains to be solved is exactly what happens between the time Goggles first hears the melodious strains of the alarm clock—or maybe it is the call of the earliest Fleet Street rooster—and the time he is left alone slumbering on the pillow.

We'll Make a Guess

From what we personally know of this notorious pup, he is actuated by a strong sense of duty—the duty of other people towards himself.

So we imagine that when the silvery bell or the clarion cock-crow penetrates his starboard ear—he comes to consciousness with the conviction that Tony ought to be doing something about it.

And—we again imagine—the ready pink tongue is then inserted into Tony's starboard ear, and afterwards

round the rest of his face, until the desired effect—to wit, the act of waking—is accomplished.

The Motive

Still we would be left without a motive—if our cameraman had not obtained the pictorial postscript to this story. So when we actually see the final act, namely, Goggles with the pillow to himself—and revelling in it!—we know that his strong sense of Tony's duty (to get up) had as its motive the still stronger desire of Goggles to stay in bed—and get it all to himself.—E. G. S.



An early-morning scene in Fleet Street—it was strictly private until our cameraman got in!

THE SCRATCH ON THE CUP

"ASTON VILLA Scratch From English Cup."

You would blink with surprise and read that headline again—wouldn't you?—if you saw it in a newspaper of today.

For any club—Aston Villa above all—to scratch from an English Cup tie these days would be absolutely unthinkable.

And yet the Villa did once drop out—and all because—

THEY WANTED TO PLAY IN A MORE IMPORTANT MATCH ON THE SAME DAY!

Back in 1880—before professionalism had become legalised in Soccer and when the great national knock-out competition was still in its cradlehood—Aston Villa were called upon to play an English Cup tie on the same day as they were due to appear in the final of the Birmingham and District Charity Shield.

Yes, the Birmingham and District Charity Shield.

The club committee duly met to consider what to do about this disconcerting clashing of fixtures.

TO "B" OR NOT TO "B."

The English Cup—or the B. and D. Charity Shield?

Why, there was only one thing to be done—and Aston Villa did it. They withdrew from the English Cup!

Which goes only to show just how lightly the clubs thought of The Cup in the days of its infancy.

To-day, there is not a club in the country which would not willingly risk all the money it could raise in building a team capable of reaching the Final.

How much money has been spent in attempts to win the coveted Cup—or how much the Cup has drawn from the pockets of spell-bound enthusiasts—is beyond calculation. Both amounts must run into many millions.

And yet the Cup itself is worth—just £25. That is all

Uncle would give you on the value of its silver for melting down.

The present Cup is the third of its line. The original Cup was stolen from a shop window in Birmingham in 1895, while Aston Villa were the holders.

No one has ever since lifted the Cup so lightly as Bill Sykes did that day!

F.A. CUP—A GIFT.

The second trophy—still the same design—was withdrawn from competition in 1911 and presented to Lord Kinnaird, then F.A. President, in appreciation of his services to the game.

Lord Kinnaird, playing for the Wanderers and Old Etonians, had himself gained five Cup-winners' medals—a record equalled only by his Wanderers club-mate C. H. R. Wollaston, and James Forrest of Blackburn Rovers.

In all, Lord Kinnaird—he was then 'he Hon. Arthur Kinnaird—played in nine Cup Finals between 1873 and 1883. And his position on the field varied from goalkeeper, half-back and wing-forward! He was in winning teams when playing in all three positions.

Truly, he deserved the Cup all to himself!

By an agreement reached between the F.A. and the Wanderers in 1878, the Cup cannot ever be won outright.

The Wanderers won it that year for the third season in succession, so making it their own property. They handed it back to the F.A. with the stipulation that it should be for perpetual competition.

And so it has remained. Blackburn Rovers, who won it for a third successive time in 1886, were presented with a commemoration shield.

In all, Blackburn have won the Cup six times—a record shared by Aston Villa.

The club that once thought the Cup too unimportant to bother about.

JOHN NELSON.



"What was that?" Did I hear that alarm clock . . . that's what I'm here for—to see that Tony doesn't oversleep—

Besom-making

THERE are very few besom-makers left in the country now. In the Durham area this old heather broom industry is in the hands of one man.

He is Mr. Christopher Bell, aged 70, of Castleside—the last of a long line. Many of the tools of 200 years ago he still uses, and he said that secret processes in the trade were handed down from father to son.

Two Centuries of Craftsmen

Grey-haired John Lister, of Skyreholme, near Skipton, lives in a tiny cottage that has been the home of besom-makers for nearly two centuries.

When he was a lad, these ling craftsmen flourished in the moorland districts of the north, but he doubted if there was an-

other to be found to-day within a hundred miles of his place. There never had been a fortune in the job, but it was as good now as ever it had been. He charged "fourteenpence for the finished article," but in his father's day they never got more than 5d

The Right Stuff

In his workroom, stacked in neat rows reaching to the rafters, were many bundles of heather. You couldn't make besoms from just any kind of heather. It has to be good, long, straight stuff, and wasn't found everywhere.

He always gathered his supply during the opening months of the year, when there was frost about, and he allowed it to mature for twelve months.

Hardly any two men bound their besoms alike, and in the olden days they came to recognise each other's work by the particular way in which it was done.

Remnant of an ancient craft



"Man wants but little here below, Nor wants that little long." Oliver Goldsmith.

You bet I am—and here's why. Thank the stars dogs don't have to go to school.

An aid to MAP READING

IF you happen to be anywhere between Gibraltar and the Indian Ocean it will help you to understand maps better if you know what the following words mean:—

Arabic

Al—the.
Ard—a plain.
Bab—a gate.
Bahr—a sea or lake.
Beit—a house.
Bir—a well.
Dar—a dwelling or district.
Gebel—a mountain.
Kafr—a village.
Kalat—a castle.
Kaleh—a castle.
Kula—a castle.
Medina—a city.
Merj—a meadow.
Nahr—a river.
Ras—a cape.
Sula—a terrace.
Tell—a hill.
Tur—a town or settlement.
Wady—a watercourse or valley.

Turkish

Ak—white.
Ala—beautiful.
Bagh—a garden.
Bala—high.
Bazar—a market.
Dagh—a mountain.
Ermak—a river.
Eski—old.
Hissar—castle.
Kara—black.
Kizil—red.
Koi—a village.
Serai—a palace.
Su—water.
Yeni—new.

Hebrew

Ain—a fountain.
Beer—a well.
Beth—a house.
Kirjath—a fortified place.

Periscope Page

QUIZ for today

1. Who wrote "Gone with the Wind"?
2. Who created Frankenstein?
3. Where is the "Wailing Wall"?
4. What is "oakum"?
5. What is "Kosher" meat?
6. How much do six pennies weigh?
7. What is Erse?
8. What nationality is Greta Garbo?
9. Where is the London statue to Peter Pan?
10. Who said, "Up Guards, and at 'em'"?
11. Who painted the famous picture, "Bubbles"?
12. With what art do you associate Nyjinsky?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz And Problems

1. Canberra.
2. Gloucestershire.
3. Surrey.
4. Holman Hunt.
5. Duke of Atholl, 1765.
6. Ivor Novello.
7. No plant; from the eider duck.
8. Adonis.
9. Lancs, Flint, Berks, Suffolk, Somerset, Durham, Devon.

Flocks of Sheep

Adam must have possessed 60 sheep, Ben 50, Claude 40, and Dan 30. If the distributions described had taken place, each brother would have then had 45 sheep.

Answer to yesterday's Cryptogram.—There were gentlemen and there were seamen in the navy of Charles the Second. But the seamen were not gentlemen and the gentlemen were not seamen.—Macaulay.

Travel Log

P A R I S
p a r e s
c o r e s
c o r n s
c h i n s
s h i n e
R H I N E

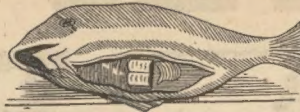
HIDDEN BIRDS

- 1 STIRLING
- 2 AWL
- 3 SUMMING
- 4 WHEN
- 5 SHALLOW
- 6 SPAN
- 7 CARROT

Here's a quick one, boys. Cross out one letter in each word, and by substituting another, make the name of a bird. One of those puzzles you do "in your head."

ODDS FISH!

WALTER SHEPHERD



ONE of the strangest things ever found in a sea-creature's stomach was a book wrapped up in sail-cloth, which had been written by a man named Frith while in prison. How it got from a Midland jail into a North Sea cod nobody has even been able to suggest.

The book was found by a fish-woman at Cambridge market, over 300 years ago, and it was subsequently published at Cambridge under the title of "The Book-Fish," with this illustration for a frontispiece. There is a copy of it in the British Museum.

After that, it is easy to believe the story of St. Peter finding a coin in the fish's mouth at Galilee. Tradition asserts that this fish was a haddock, and that the two black spots you can see behind the gills of any fresh haddock are the marks of Peter's fingers.

RINGING THE CHANGES.

The story of how Polycrates' signet ring was found in a prize fish is told by Herodotus, but that is only one of numerous ring stories. For an undoubtedly true one we need only go as far as Glasgow, where the city arms portray a salmon with a ring in its mouth, to perpetuate the faithfulness of a Scottish queen.

"Sire!" whispered a spy to the old Scottish king, "the Queen has given the royal wedding ring to a lover!"

"Sirrah!" said the King, "thou liest! Who is the traitor?" The spy named a common soldier, and the King, going into the camp by night, took the ring from him while he was asleep.

He threw the ring into the Clyde, and then casually asked the Queen what had



Coat of Arms of the City of Glasgow.

become of her wedding ring. She made excuses, and sent frantically to her lover, but he had already fled in terror.

Then she went secretly to the saint, Kentigern, and confessed her sin, imploring his assistance. He gave her absolution,

and, opening up a salmon he had caught that day, found the ring in its stomach!

A similar incident occurred at Newcastle in 1559, when a gentleman named Anderson was leaning over a bridge and dropped a ring into the Tyne. Some days later his servant bought a fish in Newcastle market, and came across the ring while preparing it for dinner.

STRING OF PEARLS.

That was a long time ago, and wonders have advanced with the times. None of the old stories is quite as incredible as what certainly happened six years ago.

A gentleman sat down to eat an oyster at a seaside resort near London. He opened the shell, and found inside—a needle threaded with cotton! The oyster had suffered no damage from its strange meal, which was slowly becoming a string of pearls.

NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

Adapted from the Novel by Jules Verne

AT that moment the pirogues approached nearer the Nautilus and a shower of arrows fell upon it.

"Why, it hails," said Conseil, "and perhaps poisoned hail." "I must tell Captain Nemo," said I, going through the panel. "I went down to the saloon. I found no one there. I ventured to knock at the door of the captain's room."

A "Come in!" answered me. I entered, and found Captain Nemo occupied with a calculation where x and other algebraical signs were plentiful.

"I fear I am disturbing you," said I.

"Yes, M. Aronnax," answered the captain, "but I think you must have serious reasons for seeing me."

"Very serious; we are surrounded by the pirogues of the natives, and in a few minutes we shall certainly be assaulted by several hundreds of savages."

"Well, all we have to do is to shut the panels."

Pressing an electric bell he transmitted an order to the crew's quarters.

"That's done, sir," said he after a few minutes: "the boat is in its place, and the panels are shut. You do not fear, I imagine, that these gentlemen can break in walls which the balls from your frigate could not touch?"

"No, captain, but there exists another danger."

"What is that, sir?"

"It is that to-morrow, at the same time, you will be obliged to open the panels to renew the air of the Nautilus. Now, if at that moment the Papuans occupied the platform, I do not know how you could prevent them entering."

"Then you believe they will get up on the vessel?"

"I am certain of it."

"Well, let them. I see no reason for preventing them. These Papuans are poor devils, and I will not let my visit to Gilboa cost the life of one poor wretch."

That said, I was going to with-

said Captain Nemo. "To-morrow, at the said day and hour, the tide will quietly raise it, and it will recommence its navigation through the seas."

"Captain," I said, "I do not doubt."

"To-morrow," added the captain, rising—"to-morrow at 2.40 p.m. the Nautilus will be afloat again, and I will leave without damage Torres Straits."

These words pronounced in a very curt tone, Captain Nemo bowed slightly. It was my dismissal and I went back to my room.

There I found Conseil who desired to know the result of my interview with the captain.

"My boy," I replied, "when I seemed to think that his Nautilus was threatened by the natives of Papua, the captain answered me very ironically. I have, therefore, only one thing to say to you—have confidence in him, and go to sleep in peace."

"Does monsieur require my services?"

"No, my friend. What is Ned Land doing?"

"He is making a kangaroo pasty that will be a marvel!"

I was left alone. I went to bed, but slept badly. I heard the savages stamping about on the platform making a deafening noise. The night passed thus

without the crew seeming to come out of their habitual inertia. They were not more anxious about the presence of these cannibals than the soldiers of an ironclad fortress would be about the ants that crawl over the iron.

I rose at 6 a.m. The panels had not been opened. The air, therefore, had not been renewed in the interior, but the reservoirs, filled ready for any event, sent some cubic yards of oxygen into the impoverished atmosphere of the Nautilus.

I worked in my room till noon without seeing Captain Nemo, even for an instant. There seemed to be no preparation for departure made on board.

I waited for some time longer, and then went into the saloon. The clock was at half-past two. In ten minutes the tide would be at its maximum, and if Captain Nemo had not made a boasting promise the Nautilus would be immediately set free. If not, many months would pass before it would leave its coral bed.

In the meantime several shocks were felt in the hull of the vessel. I heard its sides grate against the calcareous asperities of the coral.

At 2.35 p.m. Captain Nemo appeared in the saloon.

"We are going to start," said he.

"Ah!" I said.

"I have given orders to have the panels opened."

"What about the Papuans?"

"The Papuans?" answered Captain Nemo, slightly raising his shoulders.

Continued on Page 3.

JANE

Georgie has landed by parachute on the factory flying field....



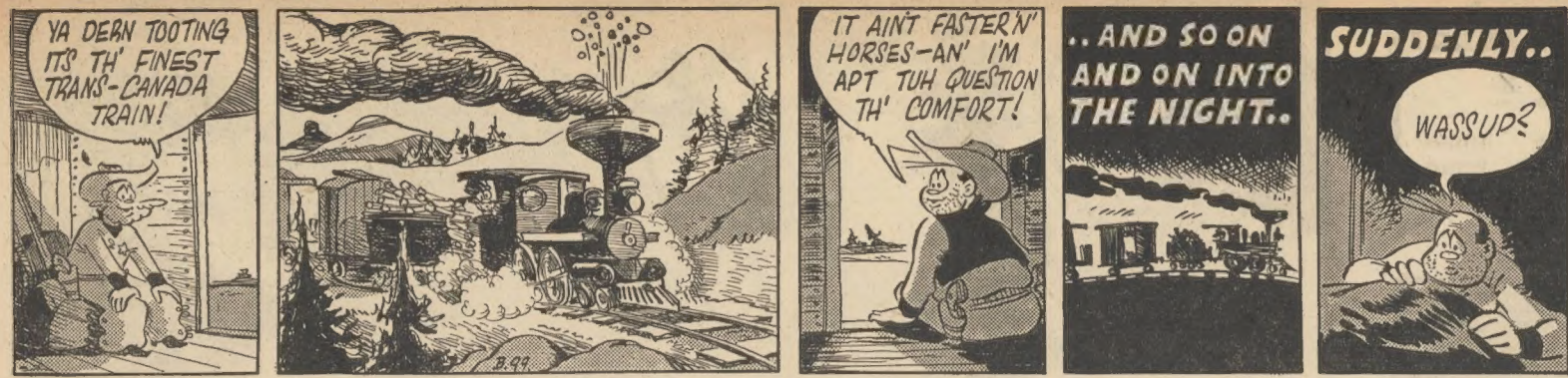
...while Jane finds herself unexpectedly in the Pilot's seat of Fighter X!



GREAT HEAVENS!—WHAT'S HAPPENING TO MY PLANE?



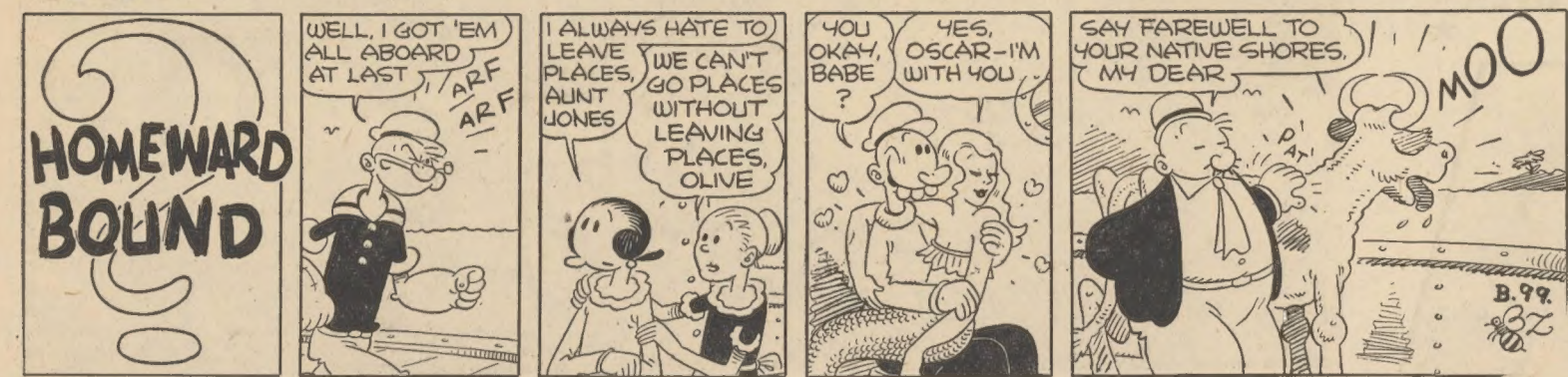
Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



The Man Who Grabbed the Rubber

"SAVE rubber," is the cry of the moment—and metal, too, and paper, but mainly rubber. Because we just can't win the war without rubber. Synthetic rubber costs a lot to make and must have special plant to make it.

The man who made the biggest grab of rubber in history was not Hitler. He was Henry Alexander Wickham, and he got "Sir" added to his name for doing it.

He was in 1876 Commissioner of Para Rubber for the Indian Government, and the Indian Office asked him if he could collect some seeds from Brazil, where Wickham had been a planter. The India Government and the British Government wanted to try out an experiment in transplanting rubber trees, or seeds, because Brazil had rubber forests that no other country had.

But the Brazilian Government had tried to hide the existence of the rubber trees, having seen dimly that the product was likely to have a great future. So dimly that the Brazil Government wasn't quite sure of what the future might be.

Into the Brazil jungle went Henry Alexander Wickham. He spotted the trees and the seeds. But the Brazil Government said, "No, nothing doing. Rubber is not going out of this country in seeds or trees."

H. A. W. tried diplomacy. He urged that the seeds were wanted as "botanical specimens" by Kew Gardens. Brazil Government scratched its head and then said "No" again.

So H. A. W. decided that diplomacy wasn't worth a hoot, and he went ahead and collected 70,000 seeds. But he was far from the coast, and Brazil was watching him. Still, he worked away, and at night time got his bags and boxes down the river Tapajos after enormous labour. And Brazil was still watching—in daylight.

H. A. W. decided that he would do a bit of plain, honest smuggling. At the mouth of the river he found—by providential good luck—a British ship under a British skipper. The ship had just discharged her cargo and was in ballast.

But the skipper sniffed suspiciously when H. A. W. asked him for the favour of his ship. Then H. A. W. promised the skipper that the British Government would foot the bill if the ship took the seeds as cargo. The skipper accepted that, and again on a dark night the boxes were taken aboard, and out of the harbour went the ship, bound for England. Brazil woke up too late.

Kew Gardens were all prepared with special beds and accommodation for the seeds. Sir Joseph Hooker was Director of the Gardens; but only four per cent. of the seeds germinated. Specimens were sent to Calcutta, Rangoon and Singapore when the plants grew up a bit.

The plants were treated with all the care given to pet dogs, but in spite of this, all but seven plants sent to Singapore died. But the seven lived, and still live. You can see them—or at least two of them—still living on, hoary with age, in the gardens at Singapore.

The planters didn't at first take to rubber in the East. They had been growing coffee. What the heck was rubber? But they saw at last, and the planting of rubber began in earnest. Why, in Penang, they used the first rubber trees as street decorations!

That, however, is past now. The cry for rubber has gone up. Won't the spirit of Henry Alexander Wickham be proud, wherever it is, as he looks down on the fruits of his big grab?

NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

Continued from Page 2.

"Will they not penetrate into the interior of the Nautilus?"

"M. Aronnax," answered Captain Nemo tranquilly, "it is not so easy to enter the Nautilus through its panels, even when they are opened."

I looked at the captain.

"You do not understand?" he asked.

"Not at all."

"Well, come, and you will see."

I went towards the central staircase. There Ned Land and Conseil, much puzzled, were looking at some of the crew, who were opening the panels, whilst cries of rage and fearful vociferations resounded outside.

The lids were opened on the outside. Seventy horrible faces appeared. But the first of the natives who put his hand on the balustrade, thrown backwards by some invisible force, fled, howling and making extraordinary gambols.

Ten of his companions succeeded him. Ten had the same fate.

Conseil was in ecstasies. Ned Land, carried away by his violent instincts, sprang up the staircase. But as soon as he had seized the hand-rail with both hands he was overthrown in his turn.

"Malediction!" he cried. "I am thunderstruck."

That word explained it all to me. It was no longer a hand-rail, but a metal cable, charged with electricity. Whoever touched it felt a formidable shock, and that shock would have been mortal if Captain Nemo had thrown all the current of his apparatus into this conductor. It may be truly said that between his assailants and himself he had hung an electric barrier that no one could cross with impunity.

In the meantime the frightened Papuans had beaten a retreat, maddened with terror. We, half-laughing, consoled and frictioned the unfortunate Ned Land, who was swearing like one possessed.

But at that moment the Nautilus, raised by the last tidal waves, left its coral bed at that fortieth minute exactly fixed by the captain. Its screw beat the waves with majestic slowness. Its speed increased by degrees, and navigating on the surface of the ocean, it left safe and sound the dangerous passages of Torres Straits.

HEARD THESE

The sweet young member of the W.R.N.S. had a message to deliver to one of the ships in port.

"May I see the captain?" she asked of a sailor at the gangway.

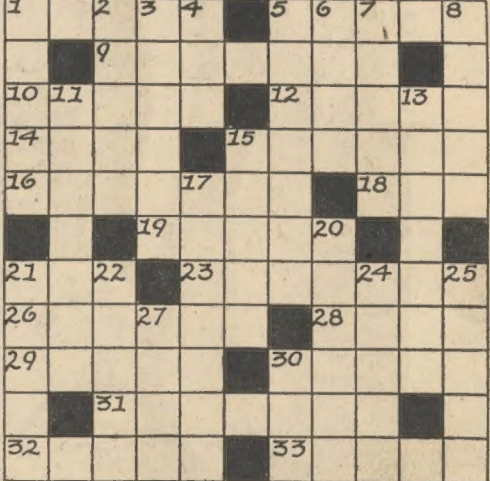
"Yes, miss," came the reply. "You'll find him forward."

"Oh, I'm not afraid," she answered cheerfully. "I've been out with the boys from the submarines."

The officer's groom was going on leave, and, giving final instructions to his deputy, handed him two small bottles of medicine, saying, "This bottle is for the officer, and this one is for the 'orse, and, whatever you do, don't get 'em mixed 'cos when I come back you'll cop 'ell if anything's happened to the 'orse."

Send your—
Stories
Jokes
and
Ideas
to the Editor.

CROSSWORD CORNER



- CLUES ACROSS.
- 1 Go and bring.
 - 5 Stone-fruit.
 - 9 High spirits.
 - 10 Irritate.
 - 12 Thin dress material.
 - 14 Upward throw.
 - 15 Harsh.
 - 16 Hardened.
 - 18 Utter.
 - 19 Control.
 - 21 Corn.
 - 23 Of aeriform fluid.
 - 26 Vigour.
 - 28 Countenance.
 - 29 Consent.
 - 30 Girl's name.
 - 31 Rascals.
 - 32 Considers.
 - 33 Shell-fish.

- CLUES DOWN.
- 1 Notable acts.
 - 2 Verbal form.
 - 3 More compact.
 - 4 Fodder.
 - 5 Separates.
 - 6 Source.
 - 7 Individual things.
 - 8 Each.
 - 11 Naught.
 - 13 Joined in compact.
 - 15 Secure rope round wedge.
 - 17 Sailing ships.
 - 20 Scarcity.
 - 21 Defy.
 - 22 Assurance.
 - 24 Fat.
 - 25 Number of chimneys.
 - 27 Quantity of paper.
 - 30 Not many.

SWAB TEASES
PARADOX MAP
UNISON FIRE
RAIT HOLLY
TO CAPERED
SUP R A SOW
TRADERS MA
SLUMS TIC I
TINY DENOTE
ONE BUNGLER
WEDDED STAY

Good Morning

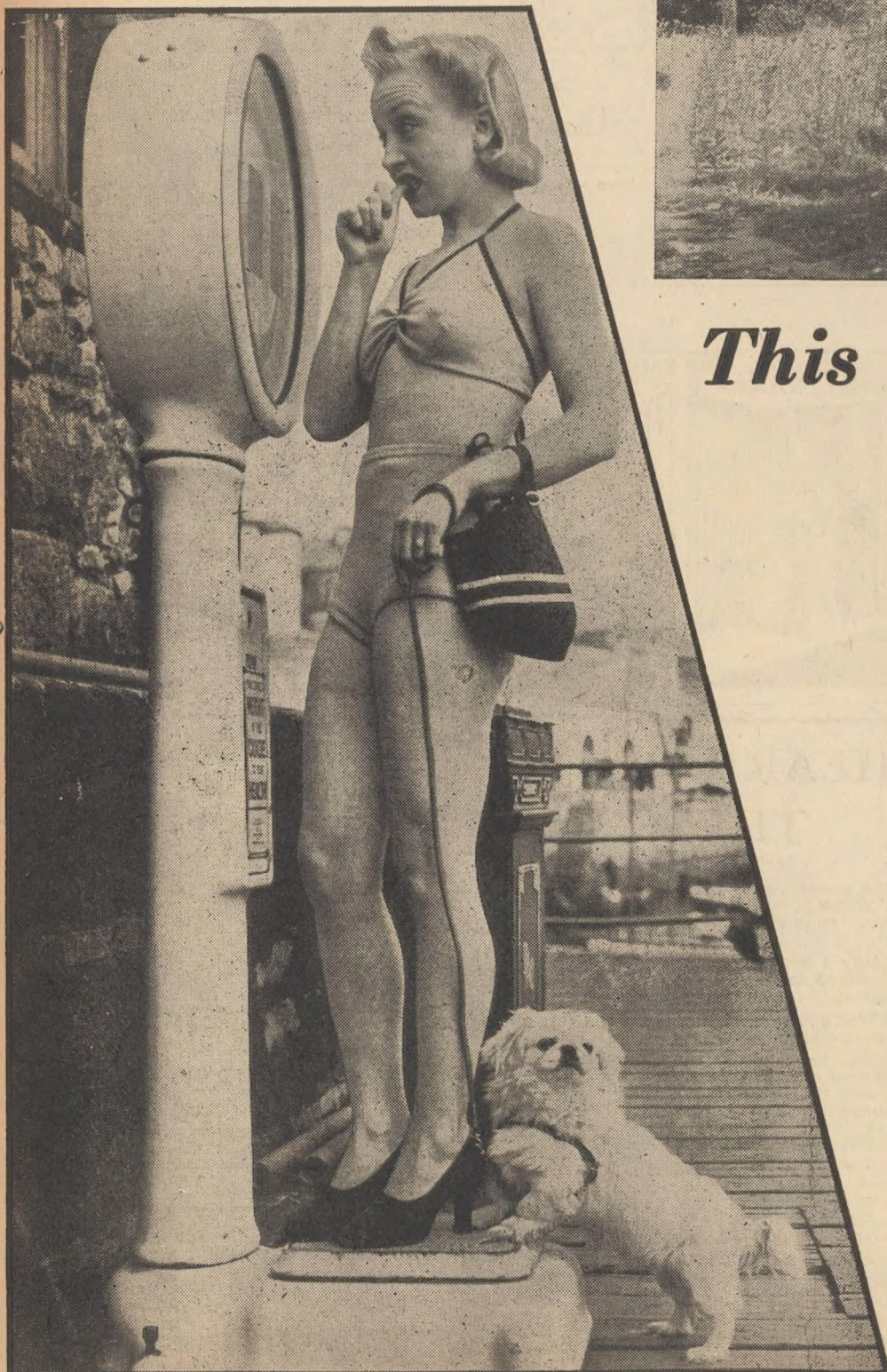
All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

ANY MORE FOR BERKELEY SQUARE ?

Now we know
where they train
'em.



A PROBLEM TO PAWS OVER



This England . .

Built over 500 years ago, Hurstmonceaux Castle still holds its head proudly, symbolic of the majesty and dignity of England. It has been restored since Sir Roger de Fiennes built it, but its beauty and grandeur have been preserved, making it one of the noblest edifices of our time.



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"I've no
patience
with suckers
that lose
their
straws."



THE LAST STRAW

And what's the use of it—with three thirsty mouths to feed, and all the milk spilled? Still they say it's no use crying over, so what? Hope they'll bring another glass shortly.